LANGE SHOW WAS

(GLAUBE MIR.) Music by CAR. ROMUALDO MARENCO. Words by A. PINTO. Andantino. . - 80. Voll lau - ter Lie - bes - trau - - men,..... Her - ze ist Steht mir der Him - mel of - - - fen la - chelst hold, Der schön-sten ei - nen nen - - ne,..... dei - nen Nam'. Be-lieve me, when thy beau-teous name My will - ing lips are fram - - - ing Like sun-light on the wa - - - ters,..... Ah when thy smile shines bright and free, Ec - sta - tic joy a - wak - - - ing,..... 3. Be-lieve me, then, with - in my soul, Es sucht zu Mu - sic Rhei - - men Und lauscht der |Lie - - be 3 Mit neu - em sü - - sem Hof - - fen Und Freud' ist's Herz 2. Dass dann mein Herz ent - bren - - ne In sii - sem Lie - - be 1 My ver - y soul up - flam - - ing Feels love's ec - sta - tic Fair - est of earth's fair daugh - ters. Heav - en opes wide a-3. My lips sweet Mu - - sic mak - - ing, Strike up love's death - less Doch wenn du freund - lich, dufreund-lich Klang; Wenn ich dein Ant - litz, dein Ant-litz fullt: Wenn dann dein Au - ge, 'dein Au - ge aliick: And when thy love - ly, thy love -ly start; And when thy im - age, thy im-age bove: But if thy glan - ces, thy glan-ces strain;



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BY ROBERT C. V. MEYERS. AUTHOR OF "COL. FEATHERLY'S SONS." "BRULE'S GIRL," ETC., ETC.

When Father Ignace entered the confessional was to hear a woman's voice on the other hide of the small grating.

A little while later the owner of this voice left her side of the box and passed rapidly down the shadowy church.

It was some time after that Father Ignace came from the confessional. His face was pale and there was a frown between his brows. He was eilent all that evening. He could not sleep when be went up to his little bare chamber with the "Ecce Home" on the wall flanked by the black crucifix of his order. With his mind's eye he saw a picture, and it baunted him-a picture which the confession of the unknown woman had conjured up. Even its title burned into his He tossed about all night. vainly trying to rid himself of an idea that had come to him; he arose betimes and took up his missal. All to no purpose; the picture shaped itself. He saw oefore him a man lying wounded upon the ground; a woman, "di-Vinely tall," with a dark face, like Judith's, is standing above him, grasping from another man, the would-be murderer of the first, the knife

with which he has struck down the prostrate one, and turns it against the assassin, who sinks at ner feet, the steel in his heart. This is the picture he sees before him, rich in color, glowing with sentiment. Yet, why call it

In the confessional the woman has told her story. She has not confessed for three years. l'assing through Varennes, she wandered into the Church of St. Sulpice, during vespers, and fterward heard the little sermon with which Father Ignace usually urged his people to further efforts toward purity. Touched by the ardor f the priest, tears streaming down her face, went into the confessional. There she spoke

d felt comforted. he came from across the Aips. Three years and more back she had promised to wed a man who pleased her father. A few days before the time set for the marriage a vouth she had knows in her girihood returned to his native canton, which was also her's. She had loved him always. That evening her flance found her with her old admirer. "Yes," she said, "she loved him." Without a word the angry man eft her. Ferring the worst, she followed him. In an out-of-the-way place he came upon her old boy friend and felled him. She sprang forward as he was about to strike a second time, seized the dagger and held it toward him; he rushed at her-rushed blindly upon the gleaming steel. and the next minute was a corpse. This was the supreme moment, the picture, in Father Ig-

But it was not all of the story. The woman, frightened, had run away. The next day she was told of the death of her promised husband. Not a word was said of her old lover; he had evidently revived, and, believing that he would be accused of the murder of the man beside him. had managed to leave the neighborhood. Thus he had not known who had saved his life at the expense of another's. The woman who loved him had not seen him since; for three years she had searched for him, knowing that if she found him she could not tell him what part she had taken in the death of the man for whose murder he feared he would yet be apprehended-for had not several people known of his own love for the woman and his anger for the man who had apparently supplanted him? So she searched for him, knowing not what she should do or say if she found him-for would he not recoil from her as from a murderess if he knew what she had

All this had been murmured in the confessional, and Father Ignace had been able to give he poor creature the first comfort she had yn in years, and she had gone forth blessing

once more take up her sad quest. had brought him within the fos-

many years back he had been ed with Paris, and the Latin Quar-Louvre. A famous painter had he argot of the atelier was on his of the aleller in his breast. e came. Always of an imaginative | one day gain him the scarlet cap. sentation of divine incidents exerful influence over him. In the ed most of the pictures which subjects for their theme imbued with their spirit. He hat a Murillo "Christus" had con-He dropped away from his com-thought to be studying a bogus where alone he kept his vigil.

Yes, for three months it was the the bishop spoke to him.

"Be moderate, be moderate," said you are as old as I you will see that in all things is the clearest sanity."

Tintoretto in a little church in the Rue du Pays. In troth he was learning the ritual of the most romantic form of worship in the world, a form artistic, poetic, sympathetic. The Latin Quarter one day discovered that ne had not been within its sacred precincts for months. He had entered the church.

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In a few years he celebrated mass in Saint Sulpice's, in Varennes. During his novitiate, during his priesthood, he had not laid aside his brushes. He decorated the shrine of the Sainte Vierge in the chastest manner. The bishop and the brothers were pleased with his achievements, and a panel done by him, representing angel heads, was held by a prelate as second only to a Sir Joshua. The chapter-house was a marvel of his toil; in the reception room a tender-mouthed John in sheepskin looked up from the wall to a pale, worn-eyed Christ, seeing the shadow of the sangrael in the clouds; a madonna, timid. yet exultant, listened to her sister Elizabeth's words of inspired prophecy. In the early evenings, when the breath of the

garden came in at the window, tired though he might be from his labors with his flock, Father Ignace took up his palette, to reverently lay it down when the angelus softly sounded. The work of his fingers interpreted the lauda-tion in his mind. He had forgotten the aspirations of the Latin Quarter; he had the higher

aspiration of devotion. And now temptation had come to him to do what he thought never to do again—to paint a picture with a secular subject, and not only secular, but -ah! why had that woman confessed to him! Love! What a subject for a priest to take for a

picture! All night he struggled with the idea. In the morning he was almost severe; a poor woman coming to him for advice regarding her erring son received a reprimand for having in her those traits the inheritance of which made her son as he was. He stumbled through the mass till he came to the "Perceptio corporis tai," when he thundered out the words, the sweat standing in thick drops on his brow. He left the church with the full determination to destroy his paints and brushes. Holding them in his hand he hesitated, "Oh, Fra Angelico," he said. "did'st thou ever take 'Love' for a subject! -and not Agape, but Eros," and laughed discordantly.

Another sleepless night for him, though in the morning he was gentle and kind, not as he had been the day before. The sacristan saw him with a besom in his hand, brushing out the aisle of the church. "It did me good," said Father Iguace, "the

exercise, you know." "One would think you had exercise enough in the labors you go through," returned the sacris-

"True," simply said Father Ignace. That day he removed all his artististic paraphernalia from the room where they usually re-

"Is it possible," asked a brother, "that he has given up art?" For three months Father Ignace was not known to touch a brush. The brothers were awed. They deputed Brother Alpheus to go to him and represent to him that the exercise of a talent such as his was to the glory of God who

created it. "May it not be a snare of the evil one?" asked Father Ignace, sternly. "But," argued Brother Alpheus, "when you painted for us you looked healthful. Now you are pale and ill. Has not the svil one something to do with your physical deterioration, when the stopping of a harmless avocation-" Father Ignace turned away with a bitter

amile. But he did. indeed, look ill; his eyes were restless, full of fire; his vigils seemed unending-all night long a light might be observed in his small private oratory, and many and many a night the mattress on his narrow iron bedstead bore no impress of his form. Sometimes there glowed in his cheek a crimson oval which made him look almost inspired, said the brothers-as though he saw more than they saw, as though the veil of materialism had been lifted for him and he looked upon-the brothers blessed them-

selves-the mysteries! He had always been kind and simple-minded: now he was humble and anxious to do the homeliest offices, till Brother Alpheus, who was the greatest eater, and easily touched, wiped his eyes, and wished he were not always hun-

Father Ignace was unending in his labors with his flock; he was with the sorrowing and the sick, the erring and the blind; in the pulpit his eloquence was fiery, and he was appalling in his denunciations of the desperate wickedness of the human heart, reviling those who, in the garb of holy orders, still harbored passions and eptor. He had lived as other stu- | deceits which made an earth of Eden.

The bishop felt that Father Iguace would yet come to the miter; nay, zeal such as his might Yet, despite all that he did during the day, that light glimmered nightly in the oratory

where alone he kept his vigil. Yes, for three months it was thus, and then the bishop spoke to him.
"Be moderate, be moderate," said he. "When you are as old as I you will see that 'moderation

Father Ignace was forced to acquiesce in all that the bishop requested. One day in the week when the bishop had spoken to him the brothers saw him, with downcast face, leave the oratory, a long, shm package

under his arm. "He is going to burn his canvases," said they. "Is that being moderate?" The door of the oratory was open. They looked in. In a heap in the corner of the cell lay all his brushes and tubes, his palette and his mahlstick, and all crushed and broken. Father Ignace had forever given up art; he would never

paint another picture. They saw no more of him that day. Late in the night one of the brothers heard a low, muffled tolling in the church. He was startled, but he, nevertheless, pushed his way into the dark building. The bell on the altar step, which was struck during the elevation of the host, now

"Non sum dignus ut intres sub tectum meum." cried an agonized voice. "Mea culpa! mea

"Father Ignace!" called the brother. There was no response. The brother lighted a taper and went around the church, but could find no one there. They scarcely credited his story when he told it in the chapter-house, especially as they found Father Ignace peacefully slumbering on his mattress.

Surely the bishop had done some good; the oratory was dark after a certain hour, and the priest was less like a saint and more like a sociable fellow-sinner. Indeed, he became almost as he had been before his mad zeal claimed him for a while. Only he made no more beautiful pictures, and

something about him caused the brothers to de-

sist when they would fain ask him why his brushes remained idle. Perhaps a month or two went by thus, and Father Ignace, nearly restored to health, had even been heard to laugh when brother Alpheus almost wept over his great appetite for food, when one morning brother Alpheus, anxious to prove that he had a mind as well as a stomach,

went to speak to him relative to the interpreta-

tion of a part of an obsolete canon. He found Father Ignace wildly pacing the vestibule of the church, a paper crumpled in his Brother Alpheus slipped behind a column. Once Father Ignace came quite close to the colump and brother Alpheus thought he heard him

mutter to himself something like this: "I was sure they would reject it. I was sure they would reject it," and so left the church. Brother Alphous thought he would go to the chapter-house and be less of a butt by telling them there that Father Ignace was acting oddly

In the garden he found a paper which had not been there when he had come through the greenery to the church. Only Father Ignace had passed that way since; surely this was the crumpled paper Father Ignace held in his hand as he paced the vestibule of the church. Brother Alpheus looked at the paper. "Bah!" he said. "Nothing here to solve the secret of his agitation. This is merely the catalogue of the approaching salon in Paris. Ab, be has read it and it has revived his taste for painting. Good!" He put his head on one side. "Now what nonsense is in this catalogue. Not a picture with a sacred subject. Everything is worldly, carnal. Here is a fruit-piece; that must be nice. Here is a picture with the meaningless title of 'Love. No wonder Father Ignace has grown to consider art as sinful. That is it!-the sin of it affects him to-day as it did when he destroyed his brushes. 'Love.' Now what is love! Pah!" He made the paper into a ball and threw it at a pigeon on the wall and went to get a little honey from the hive, with which to spread the bread he carried in his pocket. It is said that from that day Father Ignace

The bishop came again. "Son," he said, adopting his most conciliatory paternal manner, "this will never do. You must have a season of recreation. Change is sometimes imperative. You shall have leave of absence for a month or two-you shall go on a mission to the good brothers at Chartreuse, and, while getting for me a little of their grateful liquer, shall observe their silence and their austerity. After that, do with your time as best pleases you. Only take rest, have change, such

fasted for a week. He went about with lowered

recreation as benefits your habit." Father Ignace felt that his lips were frozen; he could not deny the bishop. And yet for a week, ever since he had read that accursed paper, there had abided with him a wild desire to get away, to go to Paris, to the salon where soon to be exhibited was the picture he had painted in the oratory at night when he had been supposed to occupy himself with austere the time he painted that picture, that something beyond his natural wickedness had impelled him to paint it. And then had come the shameless vanity to see it in a gallery of the salon-to see other pictures, the like of which he had not looked upon these many years, and here was the bishop alding and abetting his vanity.
"I cannot go," he said to the bishop. "I can-

"I am glad," returned his spiritual lord, "that

you do not say you will not. You can and must go-it is my command-to Chartreuse, and afterward where you will, son," and he placed his hand gently on Father Ignace's arm, "I too have been young. I read you. You have valiantly fought against the inclination to see the gay world once more. I appreciate your struggle to overcome the desire. I can trust you: your strength has shown me what you are. Go not into retreat, for that will not aid you; go to the capital; stay there for awhile and note the futility of life there. You will feel better, believe me, for the clearer understanding, and will

return to as satisfied." On the impulse of the moment Father Ignace felt like throwing himself before the good man and confessing the heinqueness of his deceit, confessing that he had painted the feolish picture which he could not resist doing, his only hope baving been that his hurried work, done by candle-light when his colors were bound to be deceptive, might be declined by the commit-tee. Instead of which it had been accepted, he was feverish to go and see it in line, and there was the bishop insisting upon making the way open for the carrying out of his latest blameworthy desire.

"You start to-night," said the bishop, seeing how he wavered. "Do not be childish." Childish! Father Ignace's confession never left his lips. That night he set out for Chartreuse. He

stayed there but a few hours. In three days he was in Paris; his habit was too conspicuous, so he purchased a suit of clothing, such as a saunterer on the boulevard might have worn. Arrayed in these garments, a devil, as he termed it, seeming to have possession of him, he went to the salon and saw his picture. It represented the scene that had photographed itself upon his brain that time the unknown woman had confessed to him in his Church of Saint Sulpice. An unconscious man lay upon the ground; a grandly formed woman, with loosely flowing raven bair, piercing eyes and distended nostrils, threw a protecting arm over him, the other arm bearing a knife was dripping with gore, the man who would have dealt a second blow at her prostrate lover falling back with clenched hands, a deadly wound in his breast. Blazoned on the frame was the title of the composition-"Love."

Spelibound Father Ignace stood before the canvas. Why, it was a stroke of genius; tone, subject, treatment. Had he painted it!-he, a priest, in the dim light of an oratory. There were others before it, and the praise was

not small. Then be felt relieved; the sin had not really been so great when he was satisfied already. He would return to-morrow to Saint Sulpice, feeling that he had been childien as the bishop had

Next morning he purchased a ticket to take him to Varennes. But why not go and see his picture once more, if only to jest over what he had thought a controlling power! To-day a small, fair woman stood in front of his creation. Father Ignace looked at her; here was genuine appreciation-lips apart, eyes almost frightened, cheeks pallid. She was humbly attired, evidently a woman who earned her own livelihood. But how pure, unworldly looking, and she loved art! No, he decided with a critic's eye, she knew nothing of art; the story appealed to her, that was all she saw in his com-

Several people pressed around the picture then, and Father Ignace moved away. He was too late for the train; he must wait till to-morrow. When the morrow came he again sought the salon-only for a moment, though, for he should not miss the train this time, Why, there was the slight, fair woman again.

He had never seen a sadder, more chastened face; he had never seen a face so expressive of gentleness and timidity. He looked from her to the picture above her. He had painted a Judith, and here was a Ruth; both were strong, but Judith could murder Holofernes, while Ruth must needs follow Naomi through the world. Was Judith the stronger type of woman, or was Ruth!

women? He did not start for Varennes that day. In his lodging that night he wished be had made the woman in his picture less fierce: surely the weak-looking youth lying on the earth and the dark brigand of a man about to lie beside him sould not both have desired a woman of this

His head swam; who was he, thus to classify

On the other hand had he depicted a smaller, fairer, weaker, timid woman be would have been true to nature. A Ruth would not have killed a Holofernes? Was not Helen small and fair! Was Cleopatra gigantic and fierce. Even the Venus of Milo was less than tall, and of Grecian fairness. The perfect women of the vigils. He had felt that he was a lost man all | world had not been of herorie stature nor of

Then he recoiled-surely he must return to That night he dreamed of his picture. Whatever he dreamed it took him to the salon the following day.

The small, slight woman was there; she seemed to have determined to stand daily before

Father Ignace tore up his railread ticket

the picture called "Love."

For more than a week he daily saw the woman who looked so helpless, so frail of body and

lonely. He wondered what caused her adherence to that picture. His wonder made bim bolder and bolder. So bold that he one day went up to her.
"Monsieur." she said gently, "I see that you have watched me. Are you the custodian of the picture! I assure you I mean no harm to it. Ah, you have not the care of the painting? Then you admire it greatly. Do I offend you by standing here every day you come? Believe me, I have a purpose in standing here. I often make

it my shrine." She had a rosary in her hand.

Father Ignace sauntered away. A day or two after this, in the midst of a terrible storm, he went to the gallery. The woman was there and nodded to him. He was at the door, going rapidly away, when she came up.
"Monsieur." she said, "I have no umbrella.
My name is Gervaise Montaigne. I live hard by. If you will lend me your umbrella I will return it to you in a few minutes."

"I will take you to your home," he stam-She laid her fingers on his arm and he raised the umbrella. She lived in a modest apartment. In his agitation in raising his umbrella he had torn it. She insisted upon mending the rent. As she did so he glanced at her sewingmachine piled with linen. "I work at night," she said. "My days are

occupied as you have seen. "Viewing pictures! "I could not work during the day: I am too restless. See, the storm is still raging; let me give you some coffee."

Father Iguace realized his position, and it worried him. And yet she was a gentle, simple-minded woman: unguarded she told much of her life to him. He gathered from what she said that she had been carefully reared, but that an accident had thrust her away from friends and into almost poverty. Yet she possessed refinement. was even elegant in little ways, while her gossip was childish and fascinating. "Aud yet you cannot be all alone in the

world," ventured Father Ignace, "caring for art as you do-" "Ah," she interrupted, "you refer to my admiration of the picture, 'Love.'" "Let us speak of something else." he said

But could be fail to be impressed by her devotion to his sinful picture? That night in his lodging he resolved to give her the picture; he would have it sent to her, and he would leave Paris at the same time. She would never know who had enriched her with the object of her

In the morning he went to one of the committee. A piece of news awaited him; a rich American had bid for the picture, to have it lithographed for advertising cards. "It is not for sale," said Father Ignace, answer-

ing to the fictitious name under which he had sent in the painting. That day he again went home with the admirer of his canvas. "I know," she said hesitatingly on the threshold, "that I should not entertain you.

But then I am very lonesome-I see no one, and I grow tired." Again he drank coffee in her apartment. He could see that she was worn out, as why should she not be-all day in the picture gallery, all night over her sewing machine. And her devotion to his picture was responsible for her

physical condition. He became quiet and thoughtful. All at once he found that for some minutes not a word had been said in the room. He looked at Gervaise. She had, exhausted, fallen asleep, her band resting on the table, her soft cheek laid against her palm. He sat there regarding her, hearing her

soft, even breathing. There were children playing in the apartment next to hers, their merry voices coming past the thin walls. Father Ignace's thin face flushed. Strange possibilities arose before him. Suppose he were an artist, earning much money; suppose he sold pictures for the goodly sum offered for this one, called "Love!" He was not old; men of his age sometimes began a prosperous life. Suppose he had a little apartment, tasteful, comfortable in the extreme; suppose there were

a sweet young wife and little -He started to his feet so suddenly and so noisily that Gervaise awoke, and the children n the next apartment paused in their merriment. He abruptly took his leave. When next he saw Gervaise she noticed that

he looked happier than usual. "Ah," she sighed, "he is no longer the seriouseyed man who made me trust him. He is happy like the rest of the world, so I have nothing in common with him."

He walked home with her. The children in the next a noisy.

"I will tell their mother to quiet them," said "By no means," he hastened to say, "unless they disturb you.' "I was thinking of you."
"And why should I not like the prattle of

He smiled and was them be."

"Will monsieur excuse me," said Gervaise, hi new manner, which was unattractive to her causing restraint on her part, "if I attend to mi duties? It is evening, my time for work."
"By all means," he said, but even then he di

not offer to go. She set the wheel of her machine in motion A little lock of hair swept over her cheek. band far off played a tender melody. The air puffed in at the open window and played with

the lock of hair on her cheek. "Mademoiselle!" "Monsieur!" and the wheel stopped.

"Nothing," said Father Ignace. "Bon nuit!" and was gone—ever to remember a soft night, an open window, a band playing a tender melody, a pretty lock of hair on a soft, pale cheek.

He had lost sight of his vows, of everything but Gervaise. She was weak, she needed some one to protect ber-

His night was full of strangely peaceful dreams. In the morning he did not go to the Salon. But Gervaise was not in her apartment when he called there. Nor was she at the Salon in the ofternoon. He waited as long as he could, ther, he sought her.

She received him almost coldly. "I am made sad by you," she smiled wanly.
"You are cheerful and seem a stranger to me. Before the cheerfulness came, I do not know why, but I felt that I might say anything to

you—almost as though you were my father con-fessor." He fell back, clutching at the back of a chair. The enormity of it all flashed upon him. How he got from the room he did not know.

Possibly Father Ignace had hitherto had no conception of such suffering as was his during the next forty-eight hours. He was the guiltiest wretch he could imagine; he could never go before his people again. There was but one thing for him to do; he would go to the Bishop and confess all from beginning to end, and-oh, curses upon that picture he had painted; that picture which had wrought all fhe wrong; that emanation from Satan's own heart! He would have it, he would destroy it, then back to Varennes to beg that he might be sent somewhere for vigorous penance. But permission to remove the picture was denied him; according to the rules, it must remain till the exhibition

"And," said the member of the committee, "the American's offer is still open." Father Ignace gritted his teeth, and turned on his beel. He wandered about the streets, a lost soul that had never done good in the world, that was supremely selfish and given over to desperate wickedness. He went to a bridge and looked down at the rushing water. Ob, that was turbulent as his soul, that water. And no! he was not a guilty mani-God knew he was not a guilty man! But he loved-he loved as had his father before him, with a pure, manly love; he had loved ever since that day when in the con fessional at Saint Sulpice's a woman murmured through the grating a terrible tale of passion, and had waked in him a knowledge of the capabilities for good and bad of the human heart. such as he had no conception of before. He had painted that picture thinking of the confession; he had depicted the avenging woman as a heroic creature claiming her right to take life for the sake of love. It had been love that had brought him to Paris, to gaze on the creation of his own hands telling the story of his own heart; it was love when ne found that he appreciated Gervaise's admiration of his picturethe picture which appealed to her as something her own narrow life comprehended, and had never had the opportunity to give it forth. He loved her as his father had loved his mother, and he had not sinned, church or no church; he had broken no vow, and he would never break his vow. But could he keep his vow if he staid here! And must he go and

always remember? Ab, the hurrying water! how much sorrow had it hidden in its time!

But oh, to see Gervaise once more beneath that picture! He sped along. He gained the gallery, and saw his picture of the mighty woman doing a red deed for the sake of her heart. But Ger-

valse was not there. Must be leave life without seeing her once more? Just to have one little glauce at her he loved, but for whom he had not broken his hurchly vows, in so far as he had never

preathed to her a word of affection. For an hour he stood before his picture; it was the diary of his life-glory, and glory trailed in blackness.

He was the last to leave the gallery. It was almost dark outside. He would go to Gervaise's apartment, he would softly push her door open a little way and look in upon her as she bent over her sewingmachine, her form meager, her cheek pale, through long toil, and poverty and loneliness. Then he would go away, and she would never know he had been there. And then—ah! the water beneath that bridge, how black and heavy it must be rolling, ever restless, toward the

He gained the bouse and approached Gervalse's door. But the sewing-machine was si-Was Gervalse ill! His hand went up over